



Whirlwind Missions

Outreach Update November 2016



Hello, my friends!

I just got back from Texas. My Dad has been in a rehab facility for over a month. He's not doing well. For weeks I've been praying for him to be able to get up and get around. Sadly, it seemed that he had lost the will to live. I would pray and the Lord would tell me, "Who are you praying for? Your Dad wants to be with me. Don't be selfish. When you go there to see him, make sure you hold his hand and tell him how much you love him."

I went to Georgetown anticipating to say goodbye. Not a happy thought. I arrived and went with my Mom to see Daddy. His eyes were just barely open.

"Hey, Dad! Great to see you!" I immediately went to his side and started holding his hand.

"Sure do love you!" I said with my usual enthusiasm.

He mumbled some response, with his eyes nearly closed. I looked to Mom. She looked at me and shook her head. Later, we left the facility saddened by what we'd seen.

"I don't know, Mom. He looks like he's just barely hanging in there," I said. "It's like he's not even awake. I'm not even sure he'll last the weekend." We looked at each other with tear filled eyes.

The next morning, I went back to the center. He was eating lunch with his eyes wide open and gave me a smile! I couldn't believe the change! His doctor had put him on a stimulant to help with his narcolepsy. What gladness filled my heart.

I'm one of those eternal optimists. I always believe that things will get better. It was fantastic to see my Dad perk up!

My favorite part of the day was seeing him do rehab. He would go from a chair to his walker and then to the wheelchair. He seemed to be doing pretty well. I'd cheer him on with, "Way to go, Dad!" and "Looking good!"

During my week there, he continued to make progress, but at 86 I know that every time I see him could be my last.

My Dad has had a huge impact on my life. He always pushed me to do better and never be satisfied with my achievement. That had a good and bad result. I had one of the highest GPAs in my high school. But I also felt like whatever I did was never good enough. I can remember so clearly being at the Worship Place, the last church my Dad pastored. I had preached and afterwards Dad told me how proud he was of me and what I had accomplished. Powerful words that I'd waited to hear for forty years.

Shooting news helped me understand just how fragile life is. I've nearly been killed four times. I've learned to live life with enthusiasm and the knowledge that it could be over at any time. The highway around Atlanta is called 285. It's been named the most dangerous road in America. I've had many near misses. I appreciate your prayers for my safety SO much!

It's hard to know what to pray for sometimes. I want Dad to be happy and be able to move around easily. I also want him to stay and get to know Penelope! I guess Jesus said it best, "Father, not my will but yours be done!" Please pray for my Dad and for our family as we get through this challenging time!

LOVE, TIM AND KATHY



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